

[Original.]

## Speak Not of Life.

Speak not of life, unless it be,  
That being, in a purer clime,  
From all the guilt of this made free,  
And troubled not with doubts of time.  
I ask no weary term of years—  
Enough of toil and vexing strife,  
Hath taught me all the tricks of tears,  
And what the woe that waits on life.  
Nor could the past be all restored,  
The power be mine, with wisdom caught  
From toils o' broome and griefs endured,  
To better shape the course of thought;  
Would I implore of fate the gift,  
Of past and present hours again,  
If still the curse of memory left,  
May blight the joys that yet remain.  
Near me in quiet to some dreamless shore,  
Not bring me of the past, no more! no more!

Better the nameless future bring,  
The all untried, the still unknown;  
Sure that no sterner fate can spring  
From coming, than from seasons gone.  
The change that then shall work in me,  
Of nature, thought, condition, mood,  
Must find some change in all I see,  
While fresh experience makes it good.  
What range, what flight, shall then be ours,  
What aspects meet, what commerce know,  
How shape our aims, how feel our powers,  
And how explore, and whither go!  
Renews the wing of hope! Awakes  
New powers of soul for aim and flight,  
While the freed spirit soars and shakes,  
The dust that made her mortal flight!  
This, or the peace of that still dreamless shore,  
Where the wreck lies, heedless of the roar.

## Crime in New York.

We are far from perfect, heaven knows,  
In our overrun and underfed part of the world. Even now, when the Yankees have left us, we hear of breakings and stealings, burnings and plunderings, from people of irregular habits, who are aiming, in their own way, at the highest civilization, that being implied in the Northern code as doing pretty much what one pleases. But, irregular as we are here, New York is a huckleberry above our persimmon, if we take the reports of its own *Police Gazette* as true. We make a few extracts for the benefit of young beginners. The ladies, also, may take some hints from the habits of the politer circles of the modern Babylon:

The Board of the Metropolitan Police have recently submitted to the Governor their annual report, in which they show what we have repeatedly demonstrated, that crimes of all kinds are increasing at an unparalleled rate in the cities of New York and Brooklyn. The report also reiterates the statements so often made in our journal, that in no other cities in the civilized world—not the theatre of actual war—is human life so lightly prized and subjected to so great hazards from violence, as in this metropolis and its suburbs, and, furthermore, that in no other such cities does the machinery of criminal justice so signally fail to restrain or punish serious and capital offences.

The number of arrests last year, for crimes of a violent and serious character, reached the aggregate of 7,400; being an excess of more than 2,000 over those of the preceding year. Five policemen were killed and thirteen seriously wounded in desperate encounters with ruffians. These and other statistics embodied in the report, show indeed that crime and vice are making appalling inroads in our midst; but full as are these statistics, they are far from giving a complete picture of the actual condition of things, and of the thousand influences that are at work to corrupt and poison the very fountains of social life.

To comprehend the enormity of the evil one must look beyond the police and prison records. He must consider the indications the courts are giving, every day, of a widespread, shameless political corruption. Such cases as Weed vs. Opdyke, and scores of others we could name, speak in thundering tones of the rot that is spreading through our whole political system. He must observe the rapidly multiplying proofs of a general decline of virtue, as shown in the endless series of divorces and seductions for *crim. con.*, bastardy and rape, and in the numerous and flourishing brothels that are allowed to be kept open on every hand without any show of regulation or restraint. He must see the ministers of religion deserting the sacred duties of their office, and turning their pulpits into capacious stands for electioneering harangues and appeals to the most unhallowed passions and fanaticism. He must note the general thirst for sudden wealth, and the frequent defalcations, embezzlements, swindles, and all similar forms of dishonesty, inducing general distress, and betokening a lamentable, wide-spread decay of the simplest principles of commercial integrity. He must mark, also, how many of the young are being brought up in habits of insubordination, in ignorance, and even positively trained to theft and crime by their own parents. He must observe society not only in business and in domestic life, but in its amusements and gala day celebrations.

The villains that swarm in the streets and garrets, and cellars, and princely palaces of the city, re-appear on the stage in the theatres, and, decked out in tinsel and gauze, entrance, night after night, eager crowds, of rich and poor, old and young. To see the Don Juans and Dick Turpins, and their various grades of rivals, re-enact their successful career of crime, is to the New Yorkers of to-day what the sight of the blood and butchery of the amphitheatre was to the men and women of ancient Rome. Which is the less depraved taste of the two it would be hard to decide.

If we note amusements of the sexes elsewhere; what do they show? Men herding by themselves in revel, and in conclaves, for a thousand different forms of dissipation; and women following hard on their example. See the young women and girls at the Central Park, for instance, pursuing

their flirtation adventures in the Ramble, and sipping their cobbles and toddies in the Casino. So little of true womanly modesty do some of them manifest, that the noble matrons of a few generations ago would no longer recognize them as the same sex; and still less would they own them as descendants. With what boldness they solicit advances on the fashionable promenades by day, and in the streets by night!

There is always much of this in a great city like New York, but now it appears to an unparalleled extent. It seems as if a sort of madness had taken possession of a large number of the "weaker vessels," and, cutting loose from the refinements and modesty of their sex, they were giving free rein to their wildest passions. How can we explain this? They belong to no one class of society; among them are the rich and poor, the high and low. Women have been seen in their carriages, with their retinue of servants in livery, and the proud escutcheons of their families emblazoned on the panels, ride through the streets in a state of disgraceful intoxication. Do these outrageous exhibitions come from the widows and wives of army officers and soldiers, from women whom death and prolonged absence have deprived of their natural protectors, and of the endearments and restraints of home? Or is it only one of the results of that feverishness, that breaking up of old habits and restraints, which war always induces in the public mind? Is it to be traced to the causes that made our city last year, and still make it, the very reveling hell of criminal violence?

While the streets are red with the blood of murdered victims, and the ring of pistol shots is almost as constant as the picket firing before the army of the James, is it that we should see corresponding enormities perpetrated by the female part of society? It seems to us not. When women, apparently respectable, are seen in the streets under the influence of liquor, as they were the day succeeding last New Year's day, it may be well said to be a mournful commentary on the civilization of the 19th century of the Christian era.

## Headquarters Mil. Div. of the West.

AUGUSTA, MARCH 4, 1865.

### SPECIAL FIELD ORDERS NO. 18.

[Extract.]

COL. A. F. RUDLER is hereby assigned as Commandant of the Post at Columbia, S. C.

By command Gen. BEAUREGARD.  
Official: Geo. W. BRENT, Col. and A. G.

HEADQUARTERS, COLUMBIA, S. C.

March 15, 1865.

### GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

In obedience to the above order, I hereby assume command of this Post.

By order of A. F. RUDLER,  
Colonel Commanding.  
W. J. MEALING, A. A. G. march 21 '65

## Notice.

ALL ferrymen throughout the District are respectfully requested to cross no slave over the river, either by flats or small boats, without his pass is endorsed by either Mr. J. G. GIBBES, Capt. JOHN CARSTEN or myself.  
march 20 T. J. GOODWYN, Mayor.